

stations, KUSC and KFAC, in that order. they are both classical music stations.

those are cultured roaches. they heard Beethoven's 9th. last night and now they are listening to Brahms's 2nd. what they are feeding on I am not sure, but they sit very quietly. only their feelers move now and then.

that radio is changing them. they are even starting to look like music critics. by this, please understand that I mean no offense to the roaches.

## MEN IN URINALS

men get embarrassed and joke  
when there are long lines in urinals  
at sporting places  
racetracks and boxing stadiums:  
"hey, feel good! all this beer is gonna be recycled!"

"hey, is this where you place your bets?  
I wanna bet the four horse!"

"my mother gave me these shorts for my birthday  
but if you guys take any longer ...  
piss on my birthday present!"

"hey, man, if you shake that thing any longer  
I gotta believe you're beating your meat, man!"

"ah, hahaha! ah, hahaha!"

"hey! is this where you place your bets? I wanna  
bet on the six horse!"

"no, man, this ain't where you place your bets!  
this is where we beat our meat!"

"oh, hahaha! oh, hahaha!"

this is as close as men ever get to anarchy or communism  
or god or the devil or love or artistry or anything at all  
daring and humorous and lively; they do it in that jazzy  
tabernacle of confessionalism and reality: the men's  
urinal.

I'd like to hear what the girls do and say when they  
squat. man, it's gotta be  
good.